

The Athens Post.

BY SAM. P. IVINS.

ATHENS, TENN., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1857.

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THE POST.
The Post is published every Friday at \$5 per year in advance, or \$6, if payment is delayed until the expiration of the year.
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Office on Main street, next door to the old Jackson Hotel.

THE POST.

ATHENS, FRIDAY, FEB. 6, 1857.

DEATH OF PRESTON S. BROOKS.—Washington, January 27.—The Hon. Preston S. Brooks, of South Carolina, died last night at 7 o'clock, of thickening of the lungs. He had been sick for some days, but was thought to be recovering, when he was suddenly seized with a cold, and died almost without a moment's warning.

FURTHER FROM WALKER.—New York, Jan. 28.—The steamer *Thames*, at Aspinwall, reports that Gen. Walker had left Rio de Janeiro, and was completely surrounded by a large force of Costa Ricans. The surrender of himself and men was hourly expected. It was reported that the Costa Ricans had seized the steamer *Sierra Nevada*, and the United States ship *Santa Maria* had sailed immediately for Punta Arenas.

PRETTY GOOD.—We find the following in the papers:
"In Tuscaloosa, Ala., a countryman lately went into a church and occupied a pew. The owner of the pew, coming in with a lady, beckoned the countryman to come out. The movement he did not comprehend, associated as it was in his mind with the organic music, he concluded that a collision was proposed, and said, 'Excuse me, sir, excuse me if you please—I don't dance.'"

EVERYBODY LOOK OUT!—Sumner of Massachusetts is to make another speech in the Senate. A gentleman says:

"He had met Charles Sumner in the Boston Athenaeum a few days since, and on asking that gentleman if he should not reiterate the sentiments of his 'last great speech' on his return to Congress, he was answered: 'Refrain! I can tell you that if I live to go back to Washington I shall make a speech upon slavery which those who heard what I said before will say is as far proof brandy to molasses and water.'"

There will be a tremendous explosion after this burst shall take place.

COULDN'T COME IN.—The Washington correspondent of the Charleston Evening News says:

"The visit of Andrew Johnson, Governor of Tennessee, to the Capital, was, it appears, tendered, on behalf of the State of Tennessee, to the General Government the Hermitage, upon condition that it erects a Military Academy upon it. This was a shrewd device of Tennessee to get a Military Academy established there. It won't do. The General Government can see through a millstone as well as Tennessee. There is no necessity for two Military Academies. One is enough to manufacture all army officers we have any necessity for."

Of course, the General Government is wide awake upon every proposition to advantage a Southern State; but when some Free State Country asks for two or three millions of the public domain to build a railroad, it says, 'help yourselves gentlemen Uncle Sam is rich enough to give you all a farm.' On such occasions it is blind as an owl at noon-day.

THE WORD CREOLE.—Some suppose the Creole to be nearly black, imagining the word to be used as a term of disgrace or reproach. The Spanish word *Creolo* (Creole) was originally applied to the descendants of whites in Mexico, South America, and the West Indies, in whom white blood, unmingled with that of every other race, existed. This is still the only acceptance of the term in the West Indies. A *Mulatto* is the offspring of a white and negro; a *Quadroon*, of a white and a *Mulatto*, being one quarter black; a *Muskee*, of a white and a *Quadroon*, or one eighth black; *Mustafin*, of a white and a *Muskee*, being one sixteenth black. Terms implying a much less admixture of black blood are prevalent in Cuba. Creole simply means a white native of those tropical climates.

LONG SERMONS.—At the South Carolina Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the presiding bishop decided long sermons, except on very special occasions, to be improper, contrary to the discipline, to the practice of "the father," and to some extent subversive of the ends of the Christian ministry. The limit, on ordinary occasions, according to the bishop, should be from thirty to forty five minutes.

NEW ORLEANS, JAN. 27.—A young man named Stringer, runner for the Bank of New Orleans, left in the *Cahawba* to-day with \$50,000.

A duel was fought near New Orleans, on the 21st instant, between George W. White, a book keeper, and Pakenham LaBlanc, Deputy Sheriff. The weapons were double-barred shot guns, and at the first fire Pakenham was shot through the heart.

SIGNIFICANT NAMES.—An exchange says, one of the best titles of a mercantile firm have been "Call & Settle," which is printed in gold letters on the sign, in one of the Eastern cities. Appropriate name, very, as customers are constantly reminded of their indebtedness. "Neal & Pray," is the title of another firm.

DEATHS FROM EXPOSURE TO THE COLD.

The Telegraph accounts from Petersburg report many deaths from exposure to the cold during the recent severe snow storm in that section.

Dr. Joseph E. Cox, of Petersburg, Va., in an effort to reach his farm, on the evening of the 18th inst., lost his way, in consequence of the heavy fall of snow, and died from the severe cold and exposure of the night. His nephew, Robert Taylor, who was in company with him, was found in a very dangerous condition, but at last accounts hopes of his recovery were confidently entertained, although he had every limb frozen, and his power to articulate was almost gone when discovered in the snow.

A young man by the name of John Brown, was frozen to death on the night of the 18th inst., from previous intoxication and subsequent exposure.

Ransom S. Edwards, a dealer in fish, oysters, and wild game, was frozen to death in his stall in the market on Monday morning, 19th inst.

A negro man, belonging to Mr. P. A. Chalkley, died from careless exposure to the cold.

The Petersburg Express, of the 21st inst., says: "Several rumors of persons having been frozen to death, besides those we have reported, which were rife yesterday and Monday, may be considered exaggerations of true reports. It is, however, probable that several of the poor died from the effects of the cold in conjunction with their poverty."

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.—It used to be a saying, that "South Carolina preached non-interference, but Georgia practiced it." Perhaps history may hereafter record that the American party of this country professed itself in favor of an extension of the term pre-requisite for the naturalization of foreigners, but the Democratic party, coming into power by the aid of the foreign votes, carried out the reform contended for by the American! Well, the reform will be none the less valuable on that account, and while this mode of its accomplishment will be a monument of the correctness of our principles, it will be a no less striking evidence of the superior management and tact of the Democracy. We believe that the careful observer of American politics for the last twenty years will come to the conclusion that this has been the result of all the many conflicts, within that time, between the Democratic party of this country and its opponents.

The Democracy have generally won the offices and the patronage of the Government, and have established and carried out the principles of the defeated parties.

UNCLE BENJAMIN'S SERMON.—Not many hours ago, says an old writer, I heard Uncle Benjamin discussing this matter to his son, who was complaining of pressure. "Rely upon it, Sammy," said the old man, as he leaned on his staff, with his gray locks flowing in the breeze of a fine morning, "mourning pays no bills. I have been an employer many times these fifty years, and I never saw a man helped out of a hole by cursing his horse. Be as quiet as you can; for nothing will grow under a moving harrow, and discontent harrows the mind. Matters are bad, I acknowledge, but no evil is better by being fingered. The more you groan, the poorer you grow. Repining at losses is only putting pepper in a sore eye. Crops will fail in all soils, and we may be thankful that we have not a famine. Be always thankful that whenever I felt the rod pretty smartly, it was as much as to say, 'there is something which you have got to learn.' Sammy, don't forget that your schooling is not over yet, although you have got a wife and children."

FAILURES.—The New York Herald gives what purports to be a reliable statement of the number of failures in the United States, in 1856. It says that the number reaches 2,700, making an aggregate of \$54,100,000. These only include those reported in the "Merchants Agency," and do not embrace perhaps more than half the victims of insolvency in the country. When we reflect that the energetic and successful portion of the community have to be the burden of such enormous loss, it is really astonishing that the whole business public is not involved in one swoop of bankruptcy.

Some of the Boston landlords, says the Jeffersonian, are accustomed to place an extra lock across the plate of the delinquent boarders. It is as much as to say, 'fork over.'"

The Louisiana Courier, of 21st ult., referring to the verdict of acquittal in the case of the city of New Orleans vs. William Garland, former City Treasurer, and charged with embezzling \$308,000 of the funds in his keeping, intimates that there must have been gross corruption employed, where such a culprit was acquitted.

DISPOSED OF HIM QUICKLY.—A Southern paper gives an account of a courageous but indiscreet bull dog that attacked an alligator which was roused out of the mud of a bay on flowing into the Mississippi. The alligator simply eluded his three feet jaws on the dog, and that was the last of him!

The citizens of Macon, have lately contributed ten thousand dollars, to the Wesleyan Female College, to aid in erecting additional buildings.

The Directors of the Bank of the State of New York gave each of their clerks \$100 as a New Year's present.

In a recent number of the Houston (Texas) News, it is stated that the present high price of cotton, and the prospect of its still being higher, seems to have enhanced the value of field hands in all parts of Texas. The True Issue says a sale was lately made in Louisiana when one good field hand was sold for \$1,750, and another for \$1,850.

To-morrow.—The day on which idle men work, and fools reform.

TRUTHS FOR SOUTHERN DEMOCRATS.

Now that the election is over, the Democratic leaders can tell the people some truths not written by them before the election:

WASHINGTON, JANUARY 11.
The strife now is, really, between the North and the South. The question is, shall or shall not any more States—the constitutions of which shall tolerate slavery—be admitted into the Union? But a thing so easily evaded is really not worth disputing about, for in truth, in fact, "squatter sovereignty" is the question. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that the question is settled, irrevocably settled in Congress, against the admission of such States; and the inhabitants of a Territory desiring admission into the Union are decidedly in favor of slavery, what is to prevent them from making no provision in their Constitution concerning slavery, or from changing after admission, any provision which the force of circumstances may have introduced against their will? Yes, "squatter sovereignty" is the question. How is it likely to operate in future? Is it not the popular doctrine? If it is not Democratic or Constitutional doctrine, it certainly has so much the appearance of Democracy as to be taken for the genuine thing itself by nine-tenths of the people. It will decide the Kansas difficulty, and if it is not, it will be long, the popular doctrine of the North. What reason is there for this opinion?

Whence flows the strongest current of emigration to the public territory? Everybody knows it is from the North. In what manner will the election of Mr. Buchanan affect our domestic emigration and concomitant "squatter sovereignty"? In Ireland the election is hailed as an "Irish triumph in America!"—in Germany it is a "German triumph." This will, in all probability, increase very considerably, the number of our European emigrants. Generally they have little money when they arrive, and before long have about the place where they landed, and the neighboring cities. Their destination impels them to work for any wages they can get; and being long inured to hardship and privation, have learned to support a family for a week on a sum that would not more than suffice for a like family of Americans a single day. They will come in great numbers during the next two years, and in proportion, the emigration of Americans to the West will be increased; and all those crowded out from the Northern cities and neighboring towns will be in favor of "squatter sovereignty" and "free soil." The foreigners who take their places—those at least who come from despotic governments—filling in the way of the Abolition and Republican leaders, and setting the idea that they alone are for freedom—are the "liberty party"—they will join that party. The South is comparatively free from this trouble. It loses its effects in populating the public territory.

Succeeding in Kansas and Nebraska, this great tide of emigrants will turn southward, sweeping over to Texas. The inducements in the Territories farther North and West, will not for some time be sufficient to divert its course in that direction. As soon, therefore, as the great "Northern tide" discovers the success of those swarms they have sent off, this will every one give his voice for "squatter sovereignty." But what does it signify? In a few years both houses of Congress will be opposed to the extension of slavery. Already some that the South regarded as friends, have declared themselves anti-slavery and anti-extension men. Even Douglas, Butler and Sumner, have recently made similar professions. Can the South rely on any Northern man standing by her in the day of trial, any farther than he shall deem it his interest to do so? If there be such a man who is he?

SPEED OF RAILWAYS.—The policy of running railway trains at a high rate of speed is being seriously discussed by railroad men north of us. The Virginia Board of Public Works has recommended to railroad companies in that State, "to adopt regulations for each lower rate of speed as will eventually diminish the cost of service, and furnish greater security for passengers." In accordance with this suggestion, the directors of the Virginia Central Railroad Company have passed a resolution looking to a reduction of speed. The railroad commissioners of New York state that a speed of forty miles per hour, causes an increase of fifty per cent, of expense over a speed of twenty miles. The magnitude of the interest related to this subject invests it with much importance. Independent of any increased profits to be derived from reducing the rate of speed, the diminished risk of accident to passengers is worthy of consideration.

ADVERTISING.—The merchant who does not advertise liberally in the newspaper has been very appropriately compared to a man who has a lantern, but who is too stingy to buy a candle; he stumbles about in the dark, long after all his more sensible neighbors have lighted themselves home. Business men should ponder the truth contained in this parable.

Orders were given on Saturday to the New York Postoffice Clerks to take no more six pence. The Senate bill, which passed the House, reduces the Spanish and Mexican postage to twenty cents, the shilling to one dime, and the sixpence to half a dime. The bill also authorizes the issue of the new cent.

It is reported from Washington that in secret session the Senate discussed the removal of Judge Leconte, of Kansas Territory, and the nomination of Judge Harrison in his place. Mr. Thomas opposed the removal, denying the President's power, which, however, has been settled by the Supreme Court, its decision having been that the Territorial Judiciary are subject to removal by the President.

"I'm glad that this coffee don't owe me anything," said Brown, a boarder at the breakfast table.

"Why?" said Smith.

"Because I don't believe it would ever settle."

"I shan't be with you a great while," said Mr. Melter, "I shan't stay here a great while." "Oh, Mr. Melter, how can you talk so?" said Mrs. Melter, with a logarithmic expression of face. "Because," continued he, "I feel as if I was most gone, and that I was just passing away like a cloud before the rising sun." Mr. Melter verified his prophecy the next day by running away with a sympathizing sister.

Learn to hold your tongue. Five words cost Zacharias forty weeks silence.

SIMON CAMERON, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Post, gives the following pen sketch of this new Senator:

Simon Cameron, Senator elect from Pennsylvania, was in the Senate to-day, listening to the reading of the certificate of his election. Mr. Cameron is a tall, wiry, sharp-featured man, with a well-bronzed face, and an ample supply of iron-grey hair, which is evenly combed in the forehead, in what the old women style the "pumpkin shell" style. He is of Scotch descent, and has the general aspect of a shrewd Pennsylvania farmer. Having thus described the appearance of this notable personage I deem it my duty to state that the report of Buchanan's having his dagger-pointed to be hung up in his bed room, is considered without foundation. Mr. Cameron was a prominent object of interest at a party given last evening by Col. Seaton, the venerable editor of the *Intelligencer*. He insists that Pennsylvania does not, and never would, on a fair expression of the popular will, give her voice for Buchanan.

For once he is mistaken. Cameron will become reconciled to Old Buck—Cameron's election to the Senate is a most mortifying affliction to the Buchanan party in Congress, especially to the Pennsylvania delegation, who are jealous of his influence, and are afraid he will make friends with the President. Their former experience, when he was elected to the Senate in 1845, furnishes some ground for the opinion. There was then an aspirant among the Democratic legislators of Pennsylvania as to who should fill the unexpired term of Mr. Buchanan, then just called to the Secretaryship of State. Buchanan was then unfriendly to Cameron, and Cameron's enemies wrote him a letter urging him to use his influence to prevent Cameron's nomination by legislative caucus. To this Mr. Buchanan replied by declining, giving as his reason that it was unbecoming in a Federal officer, like himself, to interfere and express a preference either for or against any particular candidate for nomination. The local differences of Democrats, he urged, should take care of themselves. Mainly by the influence of this letter was Cameron elected, and coming on to Washington in the cars with Buchanan, became reconciled, and during his Senatorship continued Mr. Buchanan's right hand man. No one, therefore, need be alarmed. Cameron's friends could get federal offices; and the Cabinet, so far as Pennsylvania was concerned, could only be approached through him. After 1849, this friendship was dissolved, and the two politicians have been at enmity. Nevertheless, Buchanan's old letter was again on Tuesday used to elect his enemy, having been circulated by a letter from Hon. John Hodgdon, to a gentleman of this city. Mr. Hodgdon was formerly a distinguished citizen of Maine, and is now a resident of Dubuque, Iowa.

DEBUT, IOWA, DEC. 26, 1856.
A young Kentuckian, a friend of mine, went down to Kansas with \$20,000, and brought it all back. The squatters take all the money, and the Government gets nothing but a bad name. Claims to 160 acres lot at from twenty to twenty-five miles from Leavenworth, were selling for six to eight hundred dollars each. My friend went to Leavenworth, to Topka and Lawrence. He saw Gov. Geary, and liked him much. He admires the country, and is sure it will be a free State. He saw a settlement from Kentucky there. They act and vote with the pro-slavery party, but are all in favor of making Kansas a free State. Actual settlers from the South and North, agree on this point.

All the trouble in Kansas has been brought upon that devoted territory by the officious intermeddling of Northern Abolitionists. You may rely upon the fact that it will not be a slave State.

The pro-slavery party were not written for effect, but were the unreserved thoughts of a judicious person to a friend. They do not confirm what we have all along, through the canvas just closed, predicted. Kansas will be a free State, by the wish of its actual settlers, both South and North, and by its location and climate, which adapt it to free labor.

DECEIT.—Persons who practice deceit and artifice always deceive themselves more than they deceive others. They may feel great complacency in view of the success of their doings, but they are in reality casting a mist before their own eyes. Such persons not only make a false estimate of their own character, but they estimate falsely the opinions and conduct of others. No person is obliged to tell all he thinks, but both duty and self-interest forbid him to make false pretences.

A story is told of the Downview, California, court. A man was arraigned for theft and pleaded guilty, a jury trial was, however, insisted on, and after a long and vexatious investigation, the jury rendered a verdict of "not guilty," in spite of all the prisoner could do. The fellow expected a hard winter and wanted to stay in jail.

AN "EXTENDING ALLIANCE."—Two dogs—each held in the hind legs by two men—were taken to the street, and the humane just ready to fight over their respective merits.

Excited Crowd—divided in sentiment.—"Take 'em off!" "Let 'em fight!"

Nearly all brave men have been of a finely organized and energetic nervous temperament. Julius Caesar was nervous, and was Bonaparte, so was Nelson. The Duke of Wellington saw a man turn pale as he marched up to a battery. "There," he said, "is a brave man, he knows his danger and faces it."

An old clergyman gave notice at the close of a sermon that in the course of a week he expected to go on a mission to the heathen. One of the deacons being greatly surprised, exclaimed, "Why, you have never told us of this before, what shall we do?" "Oh, brother," replied the minister, "I don't expect to go out of town."

POWER OF THE PRIESTHOOD.

A work recently published in Germany by Franz Leher, a German Catholic, on the History and Condition of the Germans in America, contains the following pregnant paragraph, as quoted by the *Algemeine Zeitung*:

"The Catholics have, in the United States, as well as in Canada, world renowned and accomplished priests and teachers, who are superior in mind and intellect to their Protestant brethren. These vices the preachers of the old English sects, and they are beside themselves with anger. The warfare of their own theology offers them only a few weapons. Their religion is cold, intelligent, and yet not rational enough, they, therefore, libel and persecute the Catholic Church, and represent its priests as the most ferocious beasts of prey, and only fit to be devoured by skin and bones. This is exactly the most agreeable to the Catholic managers. They have plenty of money, which is everything in America, although half of it comes from Europe. The priesthood is well regulated and drilled, and the multitude of their believers obey their commands like one man. The Catholic Bishops have already now, at least in the free States, the greatest power. They elect Presidents and Governors, and are almost always Democratic, though they know when to change their politics."

The above truthful paragraph, given in italics, ought to command the attention of the American people, but they will not be heedful. Even Protestant ministers have made opposition to the American party, and aided in the elevation of the foreignized and Catholicized incoming administration. We are yet to hear of a place where their hypocrisy would be adequately punished.

QUEER THINGS.—A Pittsburgh paper gives an account of some novel events in Pittsburgh, Penn. We are indebted to the Baltimore American for a knowledge of them. According to this account, a few days ago, a destitute woman was taken sick at a boarding house, and had to be sent to the almshouse, but left a trunk in the possession of her former landlady. This trunk was broken open and robbed. Meanwhile a newly married man made several presents to his bride, and among others a piece of goods consisting of two dress patterns. The generous wife not wanting so many articles herself of the kind, cast about to find an object of charity upon whom to bestow one of the dresses. This she found in the unfortunate woman who had been sent to the almshouse. The woman gratefully received the present, especially as she saw it would correspond with a piece of goods she left in her trunk. But lot on going to compare them, the robbery was discovered the bride-groom was accused, and owned up, and his wife, upon discovering his character, threw not only all his other presents, but his very wedding ring in his face, and disappeared in a torrent of invective.

Such a noble spirited woman was worthy of an honest man for a husband.

LAMENTABLE DEATH OF AN AMERICAN CITIZEN IN PARIS.—Paris, January 1.—On Tuesday morning, the 30th ult., a most melancholy occurrence took place at the prison for debt, in the Rue de Clichy and the first of its kind that has ever happened.

Charles Morey, of Boston, who was confined therein, while standing at a window overlooking a court yard, was deliberately shot dead by a sentinel. The sentinel states that having ordered Mr. Morey to leave the window and not being obeyed, he fired and killed him. There had been orders upon other convicts, and he supposed, most wrongfully, that the inmates of Clichy were to be treated with the severity of criminals. Mr. Morey was a native of the Goodfry patents for England and France, and was universally esteemed. He leaves a young wife and family, being himself, only thirty-two years of age.

A NEW ESCULENT.—A bulbous root—said to be an excellent substitute for the common potato—has been introduced into France. It yields an abundance of tubers, of from half an ounce to an ounce each, very wholesome, and with a delicate vanilla flavor, containing twenty-two per cent, of starch.

"HOR OR YOUR ROW!"—There is good sense and philosophy, as well as rhyme, in the following, which we find traveling round: One lady day, a farmer's boy Was hoeing out the corn, And moodily had listened long, To hear the dinner horn. And strike a vigorous blow, And down he dropped his hoe; But the good man shouted in his ear: "My boy, hoe out your row!"

Although a "hard one" was the row, To use a ploughman's phrase, And the lad, as sailors have it, Beginning well to "haze"—"I can!" said he, and manfully He seized again his hoe, And the good man smiled to see The boy hoe out his row.

The lad the text remembered, And proved the moral well, That perseverance to the end, At last will nobly tell. Take courage, man! resolve you can, And strike a vigorous blow, In Life's great field of varied toil, Always hoe out your row.

Dr. Durbin, the great Methodist orator, once attempted to preach from the text "Remember Lot's wife," and made a failure. Afterwards remarking to Dr. Bond that he did not know the reason of his failure, the venerable Dr. replied that he "had better thereafter let other people's wives alone."

Midas was so great a man that every thing he touched turned to gold; altered case now—touch a man with gold and he will turn into anything.

HOSPITAL FOR INEBRIATES.—The plan of a hospital for inebriates is to be seriously tried in New York. A petition, signed by several hundred physicians, including many who have themselves contributed to the object, has been presented to the Legislature for the aid of the State.

PRAIRIE LIFE.

A TALE OF REVENGE.

Although much has been written on prairie life, many a wild adventure, and many yet wider scenes, have been left undescribed. Poor Ruston, who died at St. Louis, and whose highly entertaining and valuable work, "Scenes in the Far West," is enriched with many a scene which, no doubt, to the people of the East seem like tales from the Arabian Nights. There is so much originality about the manners and habits of the trapper and the frontiersman, that one is struck with their peculiar language or mode of expressing themselves, as well as their singular costume. They are, in fact, as distinct and marked a class as sailors, and have as many odd and quaint sayings.

It is generally the commission of crime, some disappointment in life, or a native love of adventure and peril, that make these men desert the comforts of civilized society for the wilds and haunts of the red man. We can imagine the terrible reaction which takes place when the storm of passion or wreck of disappointed hope sweeps over the sensitive soul, and leaves a desolation—a ruin of the former man. It is misfortune like these which scorch and dry up the finest feeling—some moral wrong or injustice committed by others towards them, in revenge which they have been compelled to leave their homes and become exiles in the Far West.

A story is told of an extraordinary incident and an act of revenge, said to have taken place many long years ago, on the fork of the Pawnee. A party of four, who had been roving for many years in the West, all strangers to each other, were one day accidentally thrown together, when a strange and bloody contrast in features presented a striking scene.

These men presented a striking contrast in features. One was a young man, delicately made, with long hair and light blue eyes. His exposure had given him a rich brown complexion. He was of medium stature, and made for strength and activity. There was a dark void over his features, which told that with him the light of hope had gone out. He was traveling on a mule, with his rifle in his gun leather at the bow of his saddle, when he overtook a man on foot, with a gun on his shoulder and pistols in his belt, who was over six feet in height, and had a deep, wide scar on his cheek. As day was drawing to a close, they proposed to camp, and brought up at the head fork of the Pawnee. Shortly after they had camped, a man was seen reconnoitering them, with a rifle in his hand, and after having satisfied himself that the sign was friendly, he came moodily into the camp, and after looking sternly at the two men, was asked by Scar Cheek to "come to the ground." He was a stout, muscular man, much older than the other two, with a deep, habitual scowl, long, black, matted hair, and very unprepossessing features. Some commonplace remarks were made, but no questions were asked by either party.

It was near twilight when the young man had gathered some buffalo chips to make a fire to cook with, suddenly perceived a man approaching them on a mule. He came steadily and fearlessly on the camp, and casting a look at the three, said: "Look ye for Indians," then glancing at the deer-skins dress of the trio, he observed, "Old leaders; some time out, eh?" The man was about fifty years old, and his gray hairs contrasted strangely with his dark, bronzed features, upon which care and misfortune were strongly stamped. He was only half clad in the miserable skins he wore, and as he dismounted, Scar Cheek asked, "Where from?" "From the Kaw," (Kansas), he replied, throwing down a bundle of antelope-skins. After unslinging and staking out his mule, he brought himself to the ground, and taking his rifle, he looked at the printing, and shaking the powder in the pan, he added a few more grains to it; then placing a piece of thin dry skin over it, to keep from the damp, he shut the pan. The group watched the old trapper, who did not seem to notice them, while Scar Cheek became interested, and showed a certain uneasiness. He looked towards his own rifle, and once or twice loosened the pistols in his belt, as if they incommoded him. The young man and the stout man with the scowl exchanged glances, but no word passed. So far no questions had been asked as to who the other was; what little conversation passed was very laconic, and not a smile wreathed the lip of any one of them.

The little supper was eaten in silence, each man seeming to be wrapped in his own thoughts. It was agreed that the watch should be divided equally among the four, each man standing on guard two hours—the old trapper taking the first watch, the young man next, and Scar Cheek and he with the scowl following.

It was a bright moonlight night, and over the barren, wild waste of prairie, not a sound was heard as the three lay sleeping on their blankets. The old trapper peeped up and down, ran his eye around the wild waste before him, and then would stop and mutter to himself, "It cannot be," he said half aloud, "but the time and that scar may have disguised him. That boy, too—it's strange I feel drawn towards him; then that villain with the scowl," and the muscles of the old trapper's face worked convulsively, while the moonbeams falling upon the discoloration of a hygienic refinement. The trapper noiselessly approached the sleeping men, and kneeling down, gazed intently upon the features of each, and scanned them deeply. Walking off, he muttered to himself again, saying: "I shall be," and then judging by the stars that his watch was up, he approached the young man and woke him, pressing his finger upon his lip to command silence at the time, and motioned him to follow. They walked, of some distance, when the trapper taking the young man by the shoulder turned his face to the moonlight, and after gazing at it wistfully, whispered in his ear, "Are you Perry Ward?" The young man started wildly, but the trapper prevented him by saying, "Enough, enough!" He then told him he was his uncle, and that the man with the scowl was the murderer of his father, and that he with the scowl had convicted him (the trapper) of forgery by his false oath.

The blood deserted the lips of the young man, and his eyes glared and dilated almost from their sockets. He squeezed his uncle's hand, and then, with a meaning glance, as he looked to his rifle, moved towards the camp. "No, no!" said the old trapper, "not in cold blood—give me a chance." The young man and nephew returned to the camp, and found both the men in a dead sleep. The uncle and nephew stood over them. Scar Cheek was breathing hard, when suddenly he cried out: "I did not murder Perry Ward."

"Liar!" said the trapper, in a voice of thunder, and the two men started and bounded to their feet.

"Red skins about!" asked they in a voice.

"No, worse than red skins," said the trapper. "Harry Ward is about!" and, seizing his knife, he plunged it into Scar Cheek's heart. "Then, take that," said he of the scowl, and, raising his rifle, the trapper fell a corpse.

With a bound and a wild cry, the young man jumped at the murderer of his uncle, and, with his knife, gave him several fatal wounds. The struggle was a fearful one, however, and the young man had also received several bad cuts, when his adversary fell from the loss of blood, and soon expired. Thus ended this strange meeting, and thus were father and uncle avenged.

A NEW FRENCH FASHION.—A Paris correspondent of the N. Y. News says a singular robbery was recently committed on one of the French railroads. The following is a synopsis of the "modus" of the thing:—"A stranger enters into a familiar conversation, takes a dram from the cup of his drinking flask, begs pardon for not offering you a 'horn' first, and turns out another; the cup has a secret compartment filled with roused liquor. You drink and go to sleep; the rogue takes your money and goes off the train at the next station."

A New York letter says there is quite an excitement in certain classes of trade and traffic in that city respecting Spanish coins. The law abolishing their use having passed one House of Congress, they are refused at the ferries, in the cars, and in various other places. The dining saloons announce that they will no longer receive them except at the value put upon them by Government.—The omnibus proprietors declare that they will never reduce the fare from six to five cents.

An Eastern exchange says: "We saw on Saturday some apples, of good size and flavor, and the flesh blood red, although the skin was a bright yellow, showing no trace of the red underneath, which surprised every one who cut them for the first time. These apples came from Battle Creek, Michigan. The trees are said to be productive, and well worthy of cultivation."

To sleep soundly, and feel rested and refreshed when you wake up of a morning, four things are essential:—
1. Go to bed with feet thoroughly dry and warm.
2. Take nothing for supper, but some cold bread and butter, and single cup of weak warm tea of any kind.
3. Avoid over fatigue of the body.
4. For the hour preceding bedtime, dismiss every engrossing subject from the mind, and let it be employed about something soothing and enervating in cheerfulness.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

EXAMINE THE ADVERTISEMENTS.—We invite the special attention of all our readers to a close examination of our advertising columns. While they may be amused and instructed in perusing the miscellaneous and news department of our paper, they may be profited by a closer attention to the advertisements. Our principal business men, mercantile and professional, by advertising, make known to the public where their goods or services can be obtained. Examine, then, our advertising columns.

A SUCCESSFUL HUNTER.—Mr. JOHN R. STANLEY, an intelligent and wealthy planter, residing near Newnanville, East Florida, is, probably, the most successful hunter in the State. Besides his almost daily presence on his plantation during the last twenty-five years, he has killed at least ten thousand deer, one hundred wolves, sixty panthers and twelve bears!

When you are low spirited, and feel like looking at Nature through a smoked glass, don't seek relief by flying to the bottle, but take a stroll in the country. An hour spent with birds and mullen stalks, will do more towards getting up a reaction in your system than all the warm drinks that were ever invented.

A cheerful and benign temper, that buds forth pleasant blossoms, and bears sweet fruit for those that live within its influence, is sure to produce an undying growth of green remembrances that shall flourish immortally after the present stock is decayed and gone.

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